

# *Sketch*

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## Respite

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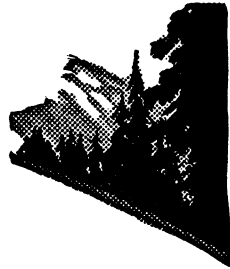
# Where Shall I Go?

By Frank Bacon

A LAKE lies silent far below  
A moon whose feeble beam can throw  
A band of light across the ice and snow.  
Towering high, the gloomy pine  
Upon the other bank design  
The mood I know.  
I stand here now. Where shall I go?  
The moon cannot preserve its glow.  
The dawn will break. The rising sun  
Will make my wistful dreaming run  
Out like a silent undertow.

The things that are will drive me mad.  
The glaring sun picks out the bad  
In these below:  
The ashes on the walk, the endless flow  
Of brazen talk and foolish deeds,  
Of little thoughts and narrow creeds.

The darkness lifts but very slow.  
I have a moment yet to turn.  
Where shall I go?



# Respite

By Jeannette Friedrich

I SAW three slender clouds like old-time quills  
Laid low across the blue-grey twilight sky;  
Perhaps mankind for this brief hour, thought I,  
Is freed of all its black misdeeds and ills  
And the three Recording Angels, with a sigh,  
Laid pens aside to walk among the hills .